

Neibolt by diazbuckleysworld

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Summary: Patrick is exploring the Neibolt house when he runs into Richie. Pennywise tries to convince Patrick to kill him. Will he succeed? Pairing: Richie T x Patrick H (semi-soft Patrick)

Neibolt

Richie was walking past the Neibolt house on his way to Eddie's when he heard the Bower's gang coming down the street. He knew he had to hide, but the thought of hiding anywhere near that house scared him to death. Luckily, he was more scared of Bowers' than he was of the house. He scrambled inside waiting for the car to pass. What Richie didn't know was that Patrick Hockstetter was not with the Bowers' gang, but he was exploring the Neibolt house's basement. Patrick actually got dared by Henry to go into the house and spend the night. He always thought the house was creepy, but he wanted to show the others that he wasn't a giant pussy like they thought he was.

"Assholes." Patrick sighed. Just then he heard a noise coming from upstairs. Patrick began taking the stairs two at a time. He had a feeling Henry and the guys were trying to scare him. Once he was out of the basement he began looking around for the others, but no one was there. He went to the kitchen to see if anyone was in there. Patrick looked around, and saw no one once again. He began backing up, shaking his head when he ran into someone. Richie Tozier.

"Ahhh...holy shit. What are you doing here?" Richie asked.

"What the fuck? I could ask you the same thing." Patrick replied.

Both boys stared at each other for a few minutes. Neither knew what to say. Richie didn't want to tell Patrick the real reason he was there, not that it really mattered at this point. Patrick was the first to break the silence.

"Are you here with your loser friends?"

"N-No no one is here but me." Richie stated instantly regretting it.

"Really..." Patrick said slyly.

Richie got shivers. Patrick turned around walking into the living room without saying another word.

"So, why are you here?" Richie asked.

"Well, if you must know Trashmouth...I was dared to spend the night. So, here I am." he stated flatly.

"Oh, well have fun." Richie stated walking towards the door.

"Wait!" Patrick started making Richie turn around, "Get me some food."

"What? What makes you think I'm going to get you anything?" Richie asked.

"Because if you don't I will beat the fuck out of you next time I catch you." Patrick said bluntly.

Richie's mouth dropped open at the sudden harshness. He should have expected it from Hockstetter. Richie was smart. He knew that if he didn't do what Patrick wanted then he would end up with his face kicked in. Patrick was the worst of the Bowers' gang.

"Fine...what do you want?" Richie asked.

"Anything, just make sure it's edible." Patrick said.

"Okay, I'll be back before dark." Richie said before leaving.

Richie walked to Eddie's house. He decided to hang out with him until he had to pick up Patrick's food. Meanwhile, at Neibolt Patrick was still exploring when he heard a voice.

Come to the basement. I know what you really want...

Patrick made his way to the basement, but no one was there. Until a clown crawled out of the well.

"What the fuck?" Patrick said, "Who are you?"

"I'm Pennywise, the dancing clown." It said sharply, "And you're Patrick."

"Yeah..." he said staring in amazement.

"I know what you want Patrick. I know you want to hurt them and make them bleed." Pennywise said, "I can help you with that Patrick."

"How?" Patrick asked suddenly feeling strange.

"Kill Richie...I know you want to." Pennywise said.

Suddenly Patrick felt like he was floating. He felt like all the air was being sucked out of him and he couldn't do anything about it. He began to panic. Nothing felt right. He couldn't breathe. Why was he feeling this way. Then, he heard the voice again...

Patrick...kill him. Take what you want and kill him...

"Hey...are you okay?" Richie yelled kneeling next to him.

It was dark and Patrick was laying on the floor of the basement trying to breathe. Richie was pulling him into a sitting position and hold his face.

"Can you breathe?" Richie asked.

"Y-yeah I t-think so." Patrick huffed pushing Richie's hands away.

"I... uh I have your food." Richie stated picking up the bag and following Patrick upstairs. Patrick wanted to be as far away from the basement as possible so he went all the way up to bedroom upstairs. Richie pulled out a flashlight.

"I also got a few flashlights because I figured you'd need them to eat." Richie stated not sure why he was still there.

"Thanks..." Patrick sighed sitting on the mattress that had been left there.

Take what you want Patrick...

Patrick shivered upon hearing the voice again. He needed to get out of there, but he knew that Henry would be coming back soon to make sure he was still there. Patrick sighed again this time opening the box Richie brought him.

"Thanks again for this...I know you only did it because I forced you, but I really appreciate it."

"Sure." Richie spoke up turning to leave.

"Don't leave." Patrick begged, "Please, just stay."

Richie turned and looked at him. He didn't know what to do, he needed to leave but Patrick seemed scared. Richie wondered why he should care and then Patrick spoke up.

"If you stay, I promise I won't beat you up for a month. I will even try to keep Henry off your back." Patrick said sincerely.

"Fine." Richie stated shaking his head and plopping down next to him.

Richie sighed trying to get comfortable next to him when Patrick pushed his fries over to him. Richie looked up and gave a half smile taking a fry and popping it into his mouth.

"You fucking owe me. BIG. I expect no trouble with Bowers' like at all." Richie replied.

"Sure." Patrick laughed eating his burger. He forgot about the voice for a little while after that. He was glad Richie never shut up. Patrick actually appreciated his mouth. If Patrick was honest with himself he appreciated a lot about the Trashmouth. He thought about him on more than one occasion. Patrick sighed.

"I hope there is another mattress around here somewhere." Richie stated, "Otherwise I guess I'm sleeping on the floor.

Patrick looked up at him. He remembered that he brought blankets but they were downstairs. He didn't want to go down there, but he didn't want Richie down there either. Not with that clown. He knew he had to get up.

"Stay here." Patrick warned, "Don't move."

Richie just looked at him as he walked out the door. Patrick walked over and picked up his backpack. He went upstairs and set up the

bed.

"Don't suppose you have any extras..." Richie sighed sitting down in the corner.

"Come here." Patrick said moving the blanket over.

"I-I don't think I should." Richie stated.

"I won't hurt you. I just don't think you should sleep on the floor." Patrick whispered.

"O-ok." Richie agreed shuffling towards the bed and getting in with Patrick.

It took a little while but both boys eventually fell asleep. Patrick was sleeping soundly until he heard the voice again in his dreams.

Take him Patrick...take him. Fuck him like the whore he is. I know you want to. He knows too. Why do you think he is here? He wants to get fucked. He wants you Patrick. Take him. And then, kill him.

Patrick woke up unable to breathe. He felt that sensation again. Like he was floating. And then it was gone. He looked over at Richie and smiled. Patrick kissed Richie's neck unable to stop himself. As he continued Richie sighed. Patrick slipped his hands underneath Richie's shirt, feeling his way down his chest. Richie stirred a little.

"W-What are you doing?" Richie whispered sleepily.

"Don't worry. I won't hurt you..." Patrick kissed his temple, praying that was the truth. He felt it was but the creepy clown made Patrick uneasy. He was afraid of what he might do to Richie if the voice didn't stop terrorizing him.

"Patrick?" Richie said turning to look at him, "Are you ok?"

"Yeah Tozier. I'm fine." Patrick sighed, "Look maybe you should go home."

Patrick sat up and pulled the blanket off of himself leaving Richie feeling exposed. Richie got up and left the room. He made it all the

way down the stairs to the front door before he stopped. Richie knew something was going on with Patrick even though he acted like nothing was wrong.

"Fuck." Richie said.

Richie...come closer Richie.

"What the fuck? Who's there?" Richie asked knowing that voice was not Patrick's.

Richie waited for a response, but nothing came. He turned to leave once more when Patrick's voice rang out.

"I'm scared."

"Of what?" Richie asked.

"I'm scared of what I might do to you. What It might make me do to you..." Patrick drifted off.

Richie looked at him frowning, unsure of what to say next.

"It?" Richie asked, "What are you talking about?"

"It's in here. I can hear it. Putting words in my head. I can hear it, trying to convince me to do things." Patrick stated. Tears began to fall, Richie didn't even think Patrick was capable of crying. Seeing it happen though, it was different from anything Richie had seen from Hockstetter. He suddenly felt sorry for him.

"Why don't you just leave?" Richie asked breathlessly.

"I can't. Henry..."

"Won't even know you didn't spend the night." Richie rushed, "Look, Bowers' is a chicken shit. He wouldn't come in here if his life depended on it. He's a pussy. I bet he is at home right now, not even thinking about you in this place."

Patrick looked at him and laughed.

"Maybe you're right." Patrick sighed, "Let's go."

Richie left with Patrick in toe. They walked in silence until they got to Richie's house.

"So, you do believe me, right? That there was something in that house?" Patrick asked.

"Well, I believe you were scared." Richie said looking at the ground.

"Yeah..." Patrick whispers.

"Besides, I don't think you felt me up because you wanted to." Richie quipped.

Patrick looked at him in awe. Of course, the Trashmouth would bring that up.

"Look...if you tell anybody about that I will..." Patrick started.

"Kill me...I know." Richie frowned, "I heard something too."

"What?"

"I heard a voice. It was telling me to 'come closer'." Richie said, "No idea where it came from but I knew it wasn't you."

"Shit!" Patrick said, "I'm just glad we got out of there."

"Yeah...well I guess I should go." Richie replied, "Are you gonna be ok on your own?"

"I'll be fine." Patrick snickered, "Better watch it Tozier, if I didn't know any better I'd say you were worried about me."

"Fuck off." Richie smirked starting up the drive.

Patrick watched him go inside before walking towards his house. When he got there Henry was waiting for him.

"Well, well, well...looks like someone chickened out." Henry laughed.

"I didn't. I just got preoccupied." Patrick sneered.

"Oh yeah...with what?" Henry asked.

Patrick didn't really want to say anything to Henry about who he was with, but he knew it was a matter of time before Henry found out.

"A certain loser." Patrick said.

"You have a thing for losers." Henry said shaking his head, "Let me guess. Tozier."

"Look, Tozier opened his big mouth so before I even got to Neibolt I had to teach him a lesson. That's all." Patrick sighed, "I'm going to bed. See ya, tomorrow." Patrick went inside and passed out. He figured he would worry about Henry tomorrow. He just didn't know that Henry was going to make this night a big deal.

The next day Patrick walked to school alone. He thought it was strange that Belch didn't pick him up, but he figured it was just as well because it gave him time to think. When he got to school Henry was already messing with the loser's club. Patrick sighed walking over to them.

"Thanks for the ride, assholes." Patrick stated sharply.

Henry kicked Richie in the stomach before looking up at Patrick.

"Just in time." Henry laughed, "Tozier stay put. All you other losers beat it."

Eddie looked at Richie and sighed. Bill looked at Richie and rushed to his side.

"Y-you s-s-suck Bowers'." Bill yelled.

"Don't worry Denbrough, you will have your turn." Henry said, "Now, fuck off. All of you."

All the losers looked at Richie but he gave them the ok to leave. He didn't want them involved in whatever was about to happen next. Richie would rather take a beating for his friends then to see any of them getting hurt.

"Oh, Richie..." Henry whispered, "Since you loved playing with Patrick last night I will give you an opportunity to convince me to leave you alone. What do you say?"

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Richie asked wincing.

"Don't play dumb. Patrick told me all about it." Henry said. Patrick looked down at Richie. He didn't tell Bowers' shit and he wanted Richie to know that. He needed Richie to know that. People always had their opinions about him, but he didn't lie. As much as the others lied, he never thought there was a need to. If Patrick told someone he was going to beat them up, he was ready to. Most of the time he was ready for anything. Richie sighed.

"Fuck off." Richie spat. Henry grabbed him by his neck and forced him on his knees.

"How about I fuck your mouth?" Henry said harshly.

Before anything further could happen, the biology teacher Mr. Hastings ran over and broke up the confrontation threatening to put all of them in detention. Patrick waited until they all disappeared and then scooped Richie up, taking him to the nurse's office. Once Richie was feeling more like himself he looked at Patrick.

"What the fuck did you tell him?" Richie asked.

"Nothing." Patrick put his hands up defensively, "Believe me I didn't say shit."

"I don't believe you." Richie yelled.

Before they could continue their conversation, the nurse cut in.

"You need to relax Mr. Tozier. You need to rest. I've already called your mother."

"Great, thanks." Richie sighed.

"Look, I didn't tell him anything. I swear." Patrick stated, "Nothing happened last night. I told him I ran into you before I got to Neibolt because he was waiting at my house, but that is all that I said."

Nothing more."

Richie just looked at him not saying anything. Patrick knew that he didn't trust him, especially after today. Richie closed his eyes trying to relax because his head was pounding. He thought Patrick would take the hint and leave, but before he knew it he felt his hand being grabbed. Richie sighed, Patrick was an idiot but he thought that maybe he was telling the truth.

The next day was worse for Richie than the previous one. Henry had found him in the middle of a class change. He brought him to one of the bathrooms. Patrick was nowhere to be found, so Richie assumed he stayed home. Henry began unzipping his fly.

"If your dick comes anywhere near my mouth I swear I will fucking bite that shit off." Richie yelled.

"Be a good boy Richie..." Henry started, "Because if you bite me I will hurt you. Bad. So, bad that you'll need a feeding tube to eat."

Henry pulled himself the rest of the way out of his pants pushing himself towards Richie. Richie fought will Belch to get free, but he had no luck. As Henry got closer Richie knew what he had to do. Unfortunately, for Richie that was a terrible decision. Henry and Belch beat him so bad that when the teacher finally found him he was covered his bruises. His face was swollen and most of the bruises were beginning to turn purple.

Patrick heard what happened and skipped out on the last few classes to make sure Richie was alright. He didn't think he should go to the hospital because he figured Richie wouldn't want to see him. When he got there the other losers were sitting around his bed. Patrick walked in hearing gasps from the other losers.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" Eddie asked.

"Relax, I come in peace." Patrick said finally looking at Richie, "Jesus christ."

Patrick walked to an empty chair on the other side of the bed. He grabbed Richie's hand which made him stir a bit.

"Hi..." Richie croaked.

"Hey...don't talk. Just relax." Patrick whispered, "I'm sorry."

"Not your fault. You weren't there." Richie sighed falling into a deep sleep.

A little while later a nurse came to chase everyone away. She told them that visiting hours were over and that they would need to come back. Patrick was trying to protest. He told her he wasn't leaving, but she threatened to call security.

The next day Patrick skipped fifth period to go see Richie. When he got to his room Richie was awake trying to eat.

"Hey..." Patrick said taking a seat next to him.

"Hi, what are you doing here?" Richie asked.

"Just checking on you. I would have still been here when you woke up if it wasn't for Nurse Ratched over there." Patrick stated smiling. Richie laughed trying to finish feeding himself.

"This sucks..." Richie sighed.

"Let me." Patrick stated picking up his spoon feeding him the jello.

"Thanks...it's just my eyes are so messed up that they don't want me wearing my glasses. They said the bruises will hurt too much." Richie sighed.

"It's ok. No biggie." Patrick smiled.

When he left the hospital, he was supposed to go home, but Patrick went to school instead to wait for Henry. He didn't want Henry to get away with this. Patrick became angrier as he waited. He wanted Henry to pay for what he did to Richie. Patrick didn't know when Richie became his friend, but he definitely isn't a bad kid and Bowers' needed to pick on someone who could defend himself. Patrick enjoyed tormenting the losers, but he didn't want any of them hurt like Richie was hurting. It was too much and the fact that Henry didn't care made his blood boil.

Once Henry emerged from the school Patrick gave him a taste of his own medicine. He made sure that Henry knew not to fuck with Richie. From that point on Henry would know that if he messed with Richie he would have to deal with him. That went for anyone...if they messed with Richie Tozier they would have to deal with Patrick. Patrick wanted to send a message and he succeeded because that was the day Henry ended up at the same hospital as Richie.